

STONES FOR GRAVES

SOME NEW STYLES IN MONUMENTS
AT BEAUTIFUL CROWN HILL.Effect of the New Rules in Keeping
the Cemetery Neat—Some
Old Relics.

Fashions in grave stones? Well, yes. Perhaps the architecture for monuments is not so diversified as that of houses, nor does it change as often as a man's coat, but that the stones in the cemetery are of the same general form as they were a decade or more ago is not so. The shafts which tower to the sky and whose tops are hidden in the leaves of the trees will always be the favorite style for those persons who desire to spend several thousands of dollars for them and for handsome carvings and figures with which to adorn the top.

Since the sarcophagus was placed in Crown Hill for General Canby several others have been added to the cemetery. The sarcophagus of the ancients was built of a stone and the bodies placed therein. The sarcophagus of to-day is simply a large square or oblong stone placed over a grave, or in the center of the lot for a family monument. The stone which forms the ornamental part is set on two or three bases of stone. The Cleopatra shaft has had many imitators and unless there is to be some figure or design surrounding the shaft this style is chosen almost entirely. The very newest design for the tall monuments is called the needle spire. This is more slender and runs up to a point. Where one is willing to spend a considerable amount for a monument the tall ones are favored. The low solid-looking stones are more numerous, as they are less expensive. The medium height shafts are relegated to the country graveyards. Some of the dealers have them in stock to supply the demand of those who have not yet caught up with the fashion in stones, just as the city merchants keep standard materials and patterns on hand for the country trade. The very first stone which was put in Crown Hill, the grave for which was sold before any other, is marked by a tall flat stone with the name and date, and the design, a weeping willow, is cut in the side. There used to be an old song, the refrain of which was "Lay Me Under the Weeping Willow." The tree was thought to be particularly appropriate. The one mentioned is about the only one on a Crown Hill monument.

The cemetery corporation has decided to make Crown Hill similar to the beautiful and famous cemeteries of the country, and for the purpose of entire new set of rules and regulations have been prepared and sent out to the owners of lots and others. The cemetery is one of the favorite places for taking visitors, and many persons have thought it one of the most beautiful in the country. There has, however, been a lack of harmony in the whole, and for this reason the new order has been made. The idea is simply to make the city of the dead even more lovely than it is. Many of the persons who own lots and have planted flowers, shrubbery and other growing things have felt hurt that their graves were not this privilege no more. When they see the perfect order in which everything will be kept, they will be very apt to change their minds.

Among the prohibitory rules are these: There shall be no planting of trees, shrubbery or plants on and after Nov. 1, 1894; lots shall be used for no other purpose than for the burial of the dead; no offensive or improper inscriptions or objects will be allowed; no trellises will be allowed; no inclosures of any kind; no plants of any kind to mark the boundaries; only one head or foot stone, and this not more than one foot high and not less than four inches thick; one monument will be allowed on a lot, and there shall be no curbing around the graves. This means after the date named there will be no marked change in Crown Hill. The graves are to be lowered to four inches in the center and sloping on each side to the general surface of the place.

CARE FOR ALL GRAVES.

The cemetery company will take entire charge of the cemetery and keep the place in perfect order. There will be no trash and dead flowers and other articles left on the graves to decay and make a blot on the general neatness. Some of the graves get no care, and they are the ones which will be most benefited by the new rules. There are prohibitory laws, but there are also some allowances to be made. Lot holders may have vases of flowers, and those who care to place flowers in a vase glass or other receptacle on the graves will be permitted with the reservation that when the flowers are withered or dead they will be removed by the men whose duty it is to see to these things.

There are in Crown Hill between 20,000 and 25,000 interments. The vast majority of the persons buried have been placed there by relatives or friends. The custom of sending flowers for funerals has been long in vogue, but the remembrance for the dead are not limited to flowers. Hundreds of graves have nothing but the green turf above them. Some have a single vase for flowers, which is brought there at intervals, and from this the range is great.

A walk in Crown Hill will bring forth some discoveries. Some may be of a startling nature. Some bring a smile, and another class will bring forth a feeling of great pity. There is a grave where a man has at his head a small show case. The person buried evidently was a child, for the case contains a doll carriage with a large doll and two small ones, a set of dishes, a plate, cup and saucer, a saucer full of marbles, shells, set of blocks, a little broom, a flat iron, a slate and pencil, scissors, a doll in a small chair, a small shell, a tin bank, a tin rooster and bead work. Artificial flowers and other articles complete the lot. One day a woman who had lost her husband brought out a case and put in it a pair of trousers, a pair of suspenders, a bottle, a jug and some trinkets. Whether the man's bubbling nature was a source of pride to her or whether she wanted to make the articles a few less for those who should see they is not known, but this much is sure, that they did not remain there long. The authorities had something to say in the matter. There are numbers of glass cases with wreaths and branches of artificial flowers. One slab has a very large case covering it, and there are any quantity of bouquets and other floral designs, as well as shells, vases and playthings of some child. Many of these cases, which seem to be the style for a certain class of people, contain the photograph of the departed. A glass case cover has been used to cover the articles at one grave, and a Bible, flowers, photograph and similar pieces adorn one plot. Conch shells outline the grave or the plot of many and their pink and white surfaces gleam in the sunshine.

It is for the purpose of doing away with this heterogeneous lot of decorations that the new order was given. Some of the things which have been in Crown Hill many years have been taken away since the first notices were sent out, and the work of removal goes on daily. Some of the persons who have been notified have become annoyed at the order and have threatened dire revolution. One woman said that she would not take away the decorations, which had cost her \$2,000, but if the company persisted in carrying out its mandate that they ought to pay her what she has spent and she would move bodies and all away from Crown Hill. When the answer was sent to her that they would pay her, then she assumed the injured air.

GRAVES OF CEMENT.
Most of the burials are made in the earth, but many people have a cement grave to set the coffin in. If stone and cement is not used it is customary to have a wooden box covered with white cloth to resemble stone or marble to place the coffin in. This preserves it for some time. Underground vaults are the ones set deep, and there are surface vaults which are covered with a slab, cemented on. A favorite stone to mark a grave is a block of rough granite with a small place made smooth to bear the name.

An order which was countermanded within a few days cuts Crown Hill out of a monument similar to the one which is to be placed for Alfred Tunney on the Isle of the West. This is an Egyptian cross, a most beautiful design. A shaft was chosen instead. Mr. E. F. Claypool will put up one of the handsomest monuments in Crown Hill within a short time. It will be a ten-thousand-dollar mausoleum. A style of monument which is like the old-fashioned

substantial looking houses is that over the remains of Governor Whitcomb. The stone was one of the first marble monuments in this part of the country, and formerly stood in the old cemetery. Governor Matthews, who is a relative of Governor Whitcomb, had the remains moved and the stone from Greenlawn to Crown Hill. The stone at Mrs. Harrison's grave is one of the handsomest of the modern style. An odd monument is a double one, probably made for a husband and wife. It is of polished marble on a gray foundation, and is conspicuous for its form.

The ground where Crown Hill was laid out used to be called Williams' strawberry hill. There are lots and lots of berry bushes there yet, but no one is allowed to touch them. Mr. F. W. Chislett occupied when he came to this place to take charge and form Crown Hill. John T. Pressly, who was laid away in the cemetery only a few days ago, owned all of the first timber, which was cut to clear the space for the cemetery. The land owned by the corporation occupies many acres. Part of it is in its wild state. The cemetery has been greatly admired by visitors, and one from Maine who was out here visiting said that he would like to come to Indianapolis to live in order that he might be buried in Crown Hill.

Crown Hill is too modern to have any of the odd inscriptions which are found in many of the cemeteries. One of the most solemn is "Heavenly Father, I thank Thee for my existence as I am constituted. Confiding in Thy unchangeable wisdom and goodness, I believe as Thou hast kindly given me life and made my birth a blessing, so Thou wilt not unkindly make an inevitable death my misfortune."

Some people neglect the resting place of their dead after a time. Some of the stones are covered with mold, and those which have any wood about them are decayed. The new regime will make one just as nice as another, and those who are far away will know that the graves which are dear to them will be kept in as perfect order as if they were here to do it themselves.

The roadways through Crown Hill are as smooth as a floor. They are graveled and the edges are even. There are no uneven places in the miles which are within the grounds. Mr. Chislett hopes to have Capitol avenue, which leads directly to Crown Hill made of the gravel and kept in the order which characterizes the roads at Crown Hill and make the distance from the Statehouse to Crown Hill a thing to be proud of. The space on the west side where there was some talk of having a lake will be made into a park with drives and shrubbery. Some day, possibly near and possibly far in the future, the city might hope to have an observatory built on the highest point, which shall overlook the country.

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

Settin' the Flags.

This ain't Joe Brown! It is? Why, Joe! You're bent, 'nd gray, 'nd to so slow, 'nd I thought 'twas some old man. But here Furgot I'd been away ten year.

I had to come, Joe. Had to come 'Pur one more Thirtieth of May, 'nd see the boys, 'nd help 'em some 'In keepin' Decoration day.

But whar ye bound fur this time, Joe? To set the flags? We'll both on 's go. 'Nd mark the end o' the march that's done.

'Nd call the roll o' the boys that's gone. Say, Joe, you've me have come so near 'The still place cold.

They're camped, that we can almost hear 'Em answer their names from Over There.

There's jest ten graves. I 'member 'em all. Ten men that's answered Detail Call Five flags fur me, 'nd five fur you.

What's all that rest fur? They're doin' 'Nd whar's the rest o' the boys to-day? 'Their should be twelve on 's, countin' you.

I hope they ain't took to stayin' away? That ain't the way they useter do. 'Tain't right! They all had order come 'To mark the graves fur 'Morial day.

No matter 'f work is pushin' some! Why, Joe! You're cryin'! What ails ye, Joe?

What's that? Good Lord! That can't be so! All dead but us? Why, Joe—But thar, That couldn't be, outside o' war.

Did fall in battle? Yes—you're right. We've all been in a long, hard fight. They fell in battle. Yes that's so. 'Nd that the war we've got to go.

An, Joe, I'll bet Not one o' them boys ever let The colors outen 's sight.

Well, Joe, we've got these flags to set. I hope fur me, 'nd then you keep. There's two of us 's walkin' 'nd keep. 'To stan' guard over them that sleep. But which of us 's Joe, 'nd which 's you?

Will set the flag fur the next that goes? —James C. Purdy, in Kate Field's Paper.

Mary's Hour.

Beside her knee He stands, a little Child, Learning to read; one finger on the Book; In the divine, uplifted glance, the look Of holy Innocence wears, so sweet, so mild.

And yet so sad withal that something stirs Deep down in Mary's heart, that well of love.

Ye know it, stricken mothers, He was here— Her only one, her Beautiful, her Dove.

Ah, He is smiling now, A flood of peace Breaks o'er her soul. Let her be glad to see All bloodless yet the Lamb's unspotted fleece.

There is his hour, and Calvary far away. Close to her cheek she feels His baby Full breath; And there a springtime lies 'twixt them and death.

—Mary E. Mannix, in Ave Maria.

The Lily.

A lily said to a threatening cloud, Which in sternest garb arrayed him: "You have taken my life, the sun, away, And I know not where you have laid him."

So it folded its leaves and trembled sore, As the hours of darkness passed it, And at morn, like a bird in beauty shone, For on buds the dew had been laid.

Then it felt ashamed of its fretful thought And fain to die would have laid it down, For the night of weeping had jewels brought.

Which the pride of the day denied it. —Valdosta (Ga.) Telescope.

Rhapsody.

As the mother bird to the waiting nest, As the regnant moon to the sea, As joy to the heart that hath first been blest.

So is my love to me.

Sweet as the song of the lark that soars From the net of the fowler free, Sweet as the morning that song adores— So is my love to me.

—Florence Earle Coates.

On the Battlefield.

The sun rose over a field of wheat, And warmed the breath of an early morn.

The smiling flowers made the morning sweet, And there were caroling birds to sing; And by the brook were children at play, Planning their childish games for the day.

But the sun sank over a field of red, Leaving no whist nor a farm-house there, Only the ghastly lines of the dead, And blackness and ruin everywhere;

And along the brook, instead of blue and gray, Were the silent forms of blue and gray.

—F. H. Sweet, in Blue and Gray.

Strayed.

My voice has grown discordant, so The little songs I used to know Have gone where I know not where, And yet they are too weak to scorn— They are a part of me.

Perhaps when summer birds return With Southern fashions we can learn, And begin to hum, Half hidden in some fragrant thing, Or tucked beneath a robin's wing.

—Bertha Gruenewald Davis, in Kate Field's Paper.

He Needed Reminding.

Aged Journalist (who has just made away with a second glass of beer)—By the way, barkeeper, did I pay you last night for the beer I drank?

Barkeeper—No, Colonel, you didn't pay yesterday, nor the day before yesterday, nor the day before that, nor the day before that.

Aged Journalist—This will never do. We can't get along this way. You must not forget to remind me some of these days when I don't pay.

Steinway Piano Tuners.

Are at Bryant's, 55 and 60 North Pennsylvania street, and will tune your piano and give best attention, and at reasonable prices.

Try 3

Try 3

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

London has a population of 5,556,000. On the longest day snow forty feet thick has been known along the summit of Mount Kosciusko, Australia's highest peak, from the sea to the top.

At Flemingsburg, Ky., a woman had to pay \$10 damages to another woman for placing a bent pin in her church pew.

Most of the Belgian blocks used for paving in this country come from Stone Mountain, a solid granite elevation in Georgia.

An old woman was brought before the magistrates of Manchester, England, recently, on the charge of drunkenness for the 131st time.

The Lord Mayors of London during the past twenty years have collected a little over \$20,000,000 for charitable and benevolent purposes.

Alms-houses, as a State institution, did not originate until after the suppression of the monasteries in England during the reign of Henry VI.

Richmond, Va., has grown so fast that some of the fortifications constructed outside of the city during the war are now within the city limits.

There are in this country eighteen incorporated cremation societies, and during the past ten years about three thousand cremations have taken place.

Iceland is one of the few countries that has a smaller population now than it had twenty years ago. Last summer about six hundred persons emigrated.

Thirty-five years ago Mrs. Milton Stevenson, of Georgetown, Ky., ran a piece of broken glass over her hand. Last week the glass was taken out at the elbow.

Lamp mirrors are now made for toilet purposes by a secret process which makes them so tough that, even if touched with a red-hot iron, they will not crack.

The largest mammoth found in Siberia measured 17 feet in length and 10 feet in height. The tusks weighed 860 pounds. The head without the tusks weighed 44 pounds.

When cats wash their ears more than usual they are indicating that they are in good luck. The cat which washes its face and tongue as it sneezes thrice a cold will run through the city.

The "Vinegar Bible" is so called from an error in Luke xx. "Parable of the Vineyard" appeared as "Parable of the Vineyard" in the Bible printed by the Clarendon Press in 1717.

A new industry has been started in this country, that of making glass brushes. The first one was made by a Chinese in New York.

The average whale is from fifty to sixty-five feet in length and thirty-five feet in circumference. The jawbones are twenty feet long and weigh from 1,000 to 2,000 pounds.

It was to the tobacco trade that Glasgow owes its importance in the world of commerce. This trade began in 1707, and seventy years later Glasgow was importing more than half the tobacco consumed in Britain.

A dark-eyed man was kept for fifteen years in an unlighted dungeon in Salzburg, Austria. During that time he never saw a human face. When he came forth into daylight it was noticed that his black eyes had become blue.

The grave announcement is made by a spiritualist periodical that it has secured for "exclusive" use the spirit of William Shakespeare in the spirit world, and that any alleged communications from the dramatist appearing elsewhere are spurious.

The thinnest sheet of iron ever rolled has recently been turned out at the Hallam works, near Swansea, Wales. It has a surface of fifty-five square inches and weighs but twenty grains. It would take 180 such sheets to make a layer an inch thick.

The increase of wealth in the far Western States during the past half century has been extraordinary. The average per capita of population was \$107, where in 1850 it was \$4.62. The average in Rhode Island, the richest New England State, was \$1,459 in 1890.

Dr. Finkler, of Bonn, said, in a recent parliamentary discourse on hygienic periods, that the Russian epidemic of 1812, 400,000 fell victims to infectious diseases, and that in 1806 Prussia lost 5,000 men in battle and 6,000 through preventable diseases.

The population of Melbourne, Australia, at the end of 1893 was 44,622, a decrease of 48.64 as compared with April, 1891. The decrease is due to the industrial depression, from which the city is now beginning to recover. The population of Sydney at the close of 1893 was 240,000, as compared with 41,710 at the end of 1862.

Good pencil cedar is getting so scarce that the great firm of Faber & Co. have begun to cultivate forests of cedar (Juniperus Virginiana) in Germany. At Schloss Stein there is a cedar forest which covers thirteen acres, and the head of the firm has, for many years, maintained nurseries and plantations of cedars on his large estate in Bavaria.

The marriage rate in England and Wales during the last quarter of last year was lower than in any quarter since 1861. There were 12,135 marriages, which was in the annual proportion of 16.3 persons per 1,000 of population. The mean rate for the corresponding quarter in the preceding ten years was 17.3. It is also noted that the average of the last ten years is far below that of any preceding decennium.

Strawberry Desserts.
A souffe of strawberries is a dish not to be despised. A layer of the berries should be placed in the bottom of a dish and sprinkled with sugar. Then another layer of strawberries and another of sugar should be added, and the whole allowed to stand for several hours. Then pour over them cold boiled custard and pile whipped cream on top. This should be placed on ice until it is very cold.

Another delicious strawberry dessert is made of strawberry juice, the whites of eggs and powdered sugar. The proportions are two cups of juice to the stiffly beaten whites of twelve eggs and twelve spoons of sugar. This should be served very cold with whipped cream.

Strawberries in jelly make a good dessert. A little gelatine melted in cold water, and to it is added the juice of a pint of red currants. This is sweetened, about a pint of hulled strawberries are added,

and the whole poured into molds and set on the ice to harden.

Lady fingers, strawberries and whipped cream make a good dessert. A mold should be lined with lady fingers split in two and moistened with strawberry juice. Strawberries and whipped cream in alternate layers should fill it up, and the whole put on ice and served very cold.

Ripe strawberries mashed and pounded in a bowl of sugar, in the proportion of a pint of berries to one of sugar, allowed to stand, strained, and mixed with a pint of ice water and the juice of one lemon, and frozen, make a delicious water iced.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Guessed Right the First Time.
Detroit Free Press.
She (severely)—Henry, what is a poker chip?

He (frankly)—It's a chip off a poker, I suppose. Did I guess it?

Papeterie.
Detroit Free Press.
Johnnie—Papa, Mr. Brown said he had some paper to meet to-day; what kind of paper is it?

Papa—Note paper, my son.

Her View of It.
Judge.
"You live opposite the Vanasters, I believe, Mrs. Knickerbock?"

"No," replied Mrs. Knickerbock stiffly. "The Vanasters live opposite me."

A Disagreeable Habit.
Truth.
"Boulder," says that the Czar of Russia, never, under any circumstances, trusts any one.

Boulder—Gad, I'm glad he isn't my tailor.

The Innocence of Youth.
Texas Sittings.
"Do you love the beauties of nature, Miss McAlmon?" asked an army officer of one of the belles of San Antonio, Tex.

"Not yet; mother says I am too young to love," was the blushing reply.

Healthy Town.
Judge.
New York Woman—What is the prevailing cult in Chicago just now?

The Womani—Believe, there is any. We have been remarkably free from epidemics of all kinds this winter.

A Shock.
Fuck.
Miss—Bridget, here's a letter for you from the Dead-end Office.

Bridget (excitedly)—It's me old mother, I know. She's been allin' fer a long time. Oh, worra! worra! worra! (faints).

A Delightful Mystery.
Halo.
Pat—Falk, but it was a lovely fight in the history of the world.

Dennis—An' who liked it?

Pat—An' it's hard tellin', it is, wid both of them in hospital and neither dead yet.

A Mitigating Circumstance.
Texas Sittings.
Little Benny—Mamma, please let me hold the baby for a minute.

Mother—I am afraid, Benny, you might let her fall.

Little Benny—Well, if she does fall she can't fall very far.

Very Becoming.
New York Weekly.
Husband—Do you think my full beard is an improvement?

Wife—How much does it save you a week?

Husband—About a dollar.

Wife—Yes, it's an improvement.

Uncertainty.
Judge.
Valet (entering chamber)—I heard you were extremely sorry.

Algy—Come in, James. You'd best sit up with me till morning, James. I just had a terrible nightmare. I dreamt I was pumponed the avenue without me walkin' stick, James.

Making Folks Happy.
Good News.
S. S. Teacher—Have you made any one happy this week?

Little Girl—Yes'm. Mrs. Highup has a baby, and it's a awful squally, red-faced little brat; but when I met Mrs. Highup yesterday, I told her she had the sweetest, prettiest baby I ever saw.

Liberal Terms.
Judge.
"Did Morgan give you the lie?"

"Yes, and his second has just been here trying to adjust matters peacefully."

"Showing the white feather, eh? What did he propose?"

"That Morgan should withdraw the epithet if I would admit the fact."

Knew What He Wanted.
New York Weekly.
Drummer—I want a pair of congress garters.

Dealer—There has been so little demand for congress garters lately that we have ceased to keep them.

Drummer—Hum! Then give me a pair of butto's garters and a fire-escape.

How He Won Her.
New York Weekly.
Miss Richgirl (of Chicago)—And so you kissed the Blarney Stone at the Columbian exposition. Ha, ha! It was nothing but a Chicago paving stone.

Mr. Smartchapp—So I heard at the time, but I thought perhaps you might have walked on it.

Then she married him.

The Unmarried Ones.
Cleveland Leader.
So much has been said about the lack of men to go around as one reason for the large number of spinsters in New England that it will surprise many of our readers, no doubt, to learn that a census bulletin recently issued shows that there is no State in the Union in which there are not more men than women who have never been married.

About to Double Up.
Philadelphia Record.
The small boy and the green apple will soon connect.

Try 3

Try 3

DONEY'S

HAWAIIAN
CIGARS

Mme. M. Yale
TO THE RESCUE OF
FADED WOMEN AND BAD COMPLEXIONS.

Farewell to Freckles! Wrinkles Good-Bye! Gray Hair is Ended Without Any Dye!

Like a winning angel Mme. Yale's appearance and lectures have taught women for the first time in the history of the world how beauty can be cultivated as part of education and a natural inheritance that belongs to all women, whether she is born beautiful or not. What nature lacks can be supplied through the science of cultivation which Mme. Yale's

MARVELOUS COMPLEXION REMEDIES
Will accomplish in every case. There can be no doubt left in the minds of those who were fortunate enough to see Mme. Yale in all her glorious beauty and youthful loveliness at forty-one years of age. She has the appearance of a beautiful young maiden of eighteen. This marvelous beauty is carried out in her every movement from the crown of her glorious golden head to the sole of her shapely feet. Old father time has not dared lay one withering finger mark to mar her beauty or dim her youth. She keeps no secrets from the public. In the price list below will be found THE SECRETS OF HER BEAUTY.

PRICE LIST.
Pimples, Blackheads and Skin Diseases cured with Mme. Yale's Special Lotion No. 1 and Special Ointment No. 2, guaranteed. Price, \$1 each.

Excelsior Skin Food.
Guaranteed to remove wrinkles and every trace of age. Price, \$1.50 and \$2.

Excelsior Complexion Bleach.
Guaranteed to remove sallowness, moth patches and all skin blemishes. Gives a natural complexion of marvelous beauty. Price, \$2 per bottle; \$5 for 3 bottles.

Excelsior Hair Tonic.
Turns gray hair back to its own natural color without dye. The first and only remedy in the history of chemistry known to do this. Stops hair falling in from 24 hours to one week. Creates a luxuriant growth. Price, \$1 per bottle; 6 for \$5.